

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an English mother,
Whose sonnes lye scattered on the bleeding ground,
Many a widdowes husband grousling lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth,
And victorie with little losse doth play,
Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpets
E. Har. Reioyce you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
King John, your king and Englands, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armour that march'd hence so siluer bright,
Hither returns all gilt with Frenchmens blood,
There stucke no plume in any English Crest,
That is remoued by a staffe of France,
Our colours do returne in those same hands
That did display them when we first marcht forth:
And like a iolly troope of Hummen come
Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and gree the Victors way.
Hubert. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From first to last, the on-set and retyre
Of both your Armies, whose equality hold
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes haue answerd
Strength matcht with strength, and power confronted
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One must proue greatest. While they weigh so euen,
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

*Enter the two Kings with their powers,
hand thrust at severall doores*
John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the currant of our right come on,
Whose passage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channell, and ore-swell
with course disturb'd euenly confining shores,
Vnlesse thou let his siluer Water, keepe
A peacefull progresse to the Ocean?
Fra. England thou hast not sau'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more then we of France,
Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweare
That swaies the earth this Climate ouer-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our iust-borne Armes,
Wee'l put thee downe, against whom these Armes wee
Or adde a royall number to the dead:
Gracing the scroule that tels of this warres losse,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Bas. Ha Maiesty: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with Steele,
The swords of souldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men
In vndermin'd differences of kings.
Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus?
Cry haueoke kings, backe to the stained field
You equall Parents, fierie kindled spirits,
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.
John. Whose party do the Townesmen yet admit?

Fra. Speake Citizens for England, whose your king?
Hub. The king of England, when we know the king.
Fra. Know him in vs, that heere hold up his right.
John. In vs, that are our owne great Deputie,
And beare possession of our Person heere,
Lord of our presence Angiers, and of you.
Fra. A greater powre then we denies all this,
And till it be vndoubted, we do looke
Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates
Kings of our feare, vntill our feares resolu'd
Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.
Bas. By heauen, these scroules of Angiers floure you
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
At your industrious Scenes and acts of death:
Your Royall presences be rul'd by me,
Do like the Mutines of Ierusalem,
Be friends a-while, and both conioyntly bend
Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne:
By East and West let France and England moune,
Their battering Canon charged to the mowthes,
Till their foule-searing clamours haue brauld downe
The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,
I'de play incessantly vpon these Iades,
Euen till vnfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar ayre:
That done, disseuer your vnited strengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy Minion,
To whom in fauour she shall giue the day,
And kisse him with a glorious victory:
How like you this wilde counsell mighty States,
Smackes it not something of the policie?
John. Now by the sky that hangs aboue our heads,
I like it well: France, shall we knie our powres,
And lay this Angiers euen with the ground,
Then after fight who shall be king of it?
Bas. And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeuish Towne:
Turne thou the mowth of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, against these sawcie walles,
And when that we haue dash'd them to the ground,
Why then desie each other, and pell-melly
Make worke vpon our selues, for heauen or hell.
Fra. Let it be so: say, where will you assault?
John. We from the West will send destruction
Into this Citie bolome.
Bas. I from the North
Fra. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.
Bas. O prudent discipline! From North to South:
Austria and France shoor in each others mowth,
Ile stirre them to it: Come, away, away.
Hub. Heare vs great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay
And I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league:
Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound,
Rescue those breathing liues to dye in beds,
That heere come sacrifices for the field,
Perseuer not, but heare me mighty kings.
John. Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.
Hub. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady Blanche
Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres
Of Lewis the Dolphin, and that louely maid,
If lustie loue should go in quest of beautie,

Where should he finde it fairer, then in Blanche?
If zealous loue should go in search of vertue,
Where should he finde it purer then in Blanche?
If loue ambitious, sought a match of birth,
Whose veines bound richer blood then Lady Blanche?
Such as she is, in beautie, vertue, birth,
Is the yong Dolphin every way compleat:
If not compleat of, say he is not free,
And she againe wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not free:
He is the halfe part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as free,
And she a faire diuidd excellence,
Whole fullness of perfection lyes in him.
Two such siluer currents when they ioine
Doglorifie the bankes that bound them in:
And two such shores, to two such streames made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two Princes, if you marrie them:
This Vnion shall do more then batterie can,
To our fast closed gates: for at this match,
With swifter spleene then powder can enforce
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide open,
And gree you entrance: but without this match,
The sea-cragged is not halfe so deafe,
Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes
More free from motion, no not death himselfe
In mortall furie halfe so petemptorie,
As we to keepe this Citie.

Bas. Heeres a stay,
That shakes the rotten carkasse of old death
Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede,
That spits forth death, and mounraines, rockes, and seas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges.
What Cannoneere begot this luttie blood,
He speaks plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and boundce,
Hegies the bastinado with his tongue:
Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
But buffers better then a fist of France:
Zounds, I was neuer so bechump't with words,
Since I first cal'd my brothers father Dad.

Old Qu. Son, list to this coniunction, make this match
Gree with our Neece a dowrie large enough,
For by this knot, thou shalt so surely rye
Thy now vnur'd assurance to the Crowne,
That yon greene boy shall haue no Sunne to ripe
The bloome that promifeth a mightie fruite:
I see a yeelding in the lookes of France:

Marke how they whisper, vige them while their soules
Are capeable of this ambition,
Least zeale now melted by the windie breath
Of lost petitions, pittie and remorse,
Coole and congeale againe to what it was.
Hub. Why answer not the double Maiesties,
This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne?

Fra. Speake England first, that hath bin forward first
To speake vnto this Citie: what say you?
John. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely sonne,
Can in this booke of beautie read, I loue
Her Dowrie shall weigh equall with a Queene:
For Angiers, and faire Toraine Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we vpon this side the Sea,
(Except this Citie now by vs besiegd)
Shall giue her bridall bed and make her rich

In titles, honors, and
As she in beautie,
Holdes hand with

Fra. What say
Dol. I do my
A wonder, or a wo
The shadow of my
Which being but
Becomes a sonne an
I do protest I neuer
Till now, infixed I
Drawne in the flar

Bas. Drawne
Hang'd in the frow
And quarter'd in h
Himselfe loies tray
That hang'd, and
In such a loue, so v

Blas. My vick
If hee ought in y
That any thing he
I can with ease tra
Or if you will, to s
I will enforce it ea
Further I will not f
That all I see in y
Then this, that nou
Though churlish

Judge.
That I can finde, f
John. What say
Neece?

Blas. That she
What you in wifer

John. Speake th
Ladie?

Dol. Nay aske
For I doe loue hee

John. Then do
Poitiers, and Ang

With her to thee,
Full thirty thousa

Phillip of France,
Command thy son

Fra. It likes v
Asst. And yo

That I did to whe
Fra. Now Cit

Let in that amitie
For at Saint Mari

The rights of mar
Is not the Ladie

I know she is not
Her presence wou

Where is she and
Dol. She is so

Fra. And by
Will giue her sad

Brother of Engla
This widdow La

Which we God
To our owne var

John. We will
For wee'l create

And Earle of Ric